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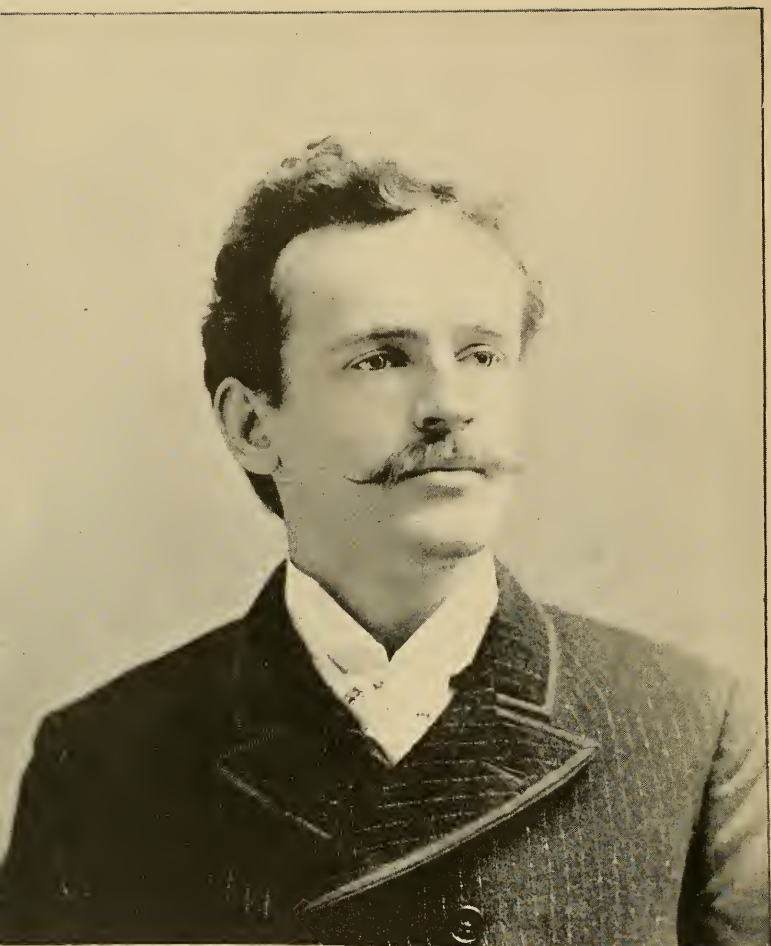
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Bertram Lincoln Shapleigh.

BOYHOOD LOVES

— AND —

EARLY MUSINGS

BY

BERTRAM LINCOLN SHAPLEIGH

BOSTON

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR

1893

(1892)

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BOYHOOD LOVES AND EARLY MUSINGS

IN PREPARATION:

Eastern Gems in a Western Crown

Esoteric Music

PRESS OF
AMERICAN PRINTING AND ENGRAVING CO.
50 ARCH STREET, BOSTON

TO

Miss Florence and Edna Woodruff

IN MEMORY OF

MANY HAPPY HOURS

*When I wrote these lines, I said,
"I should never let folks know!"
But something bade me go ahead,
And then girly teased me so,
That I said I'd show a few
If they'd never tell a soul.
Girls they were I showed it to,
And, like girls, they told the whole.
Some have bade me put it through;
Older critics wisely chid it.
One little maid said, "Please do!"
And it is for her I did it.
Some said there'd be few to buy,—
Said the world would never heed it.
Never heed it! What cared I?
One fair maiden said she'd read it.
So I steal from what is left
Of those long, long dreams that were
Just this one sweet little theft,
And name it as a book for her.*

PRELUSIVE.

I PUBLISH this book as a collection of early writings, composed during the period extending from my grammar-school days to graduation from the Conservatory of Music in 1891, a few stanzas of latter date having been added.

With the exception of a small number, these verses are impromptu, having been written on copy-books and fly-leaves of music.

Owing to the circumstances under which they were written, and the manner in which many of them have been preserved, there may appear among some of the earlier ones suggestions of borrowed thought. In such cases I am entirely unconscious of pirating.

I have intended this volume as a collection of lyrics only. The few songs introduced were for music, to which I later set them.

Trusting that those who are not within the circle of my acquaintance, and who may read these musings, will deal as leniently with them as have my friends,

I remain, through my pages,

THE AUTHOR.

*" We have an itch, an awful itch it is,
To see the castles we have built in air
Carved upon the page beneath the builder's name."*

—SOBESKI..

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PART I.

DEDICATION.

THIS to Carrie — should not I
Leave to her some memory?
She was good, and she was fair;
Happy hours we had together.
She was with me everywhere
Through the long, sweet summer weather.

DREAMS.

*Where do I go in my day-dreams long?
Down the golden river of song;
Down the tide of that beautiful stream,
Flowing through lands of a poet's dream,
Where the air is thought, and the earth below
Is but the time's incessant flow;
Where the space around and the air above
Is all one silent hymn of love.*

WAR.

SPIRITS war against each other,
Gods against the gods contest,
Elements in fury smother
Every attribute of rest.

All the shades of fate do battle,
Human souls do not all chime,
But I never found one that'll
War against itself as mine!

LOVE OR FRIENDSHIP?

WILL you, Emma, simply own
That 'tis friendship which we feel,
Simply friendship, that alone,
Will your heart no more reveal?

If there's friendship such as this,
Then surpassing love it is,
For love scarcely were the name
Of so very dear a flame.

Love or friendship, which it be,
Both their pretty shadows cast;
But, in choosing, give to me
That which will the longest last.

THE TEAR.

WHAT is it creepeth from my love's bright eye?
A jewel is it, or a melted sigh,
That, once freed from its prison, now doth creep
Out through the portals of the soul, and sleep?

Each orb seems mourning
The loss of its treasure,
That seems born of woe,
Yet one half born of pleasure.

O Love, let me kiss
Such a jewel away,
Ere the night pick it up
With the gems of the day.

ENOUGH FOR TWO.

THERE'S nothing half so coysome
As little Emma is,
And though she's more than wholly mine,
She's more than halfy his.

Yet I will fret me not
Because he seeks to woo,
For I have found she's got
Of love enough for two.

I'll give him what he sees
In her that's worth pursuing,
There'll be enough still hid
To pay me for the wooing.

And though a kiss he get,
I will not envy such,
Indeed I will not fret,
For I'll get twice as much.

WAIT.

WAIT! Wait!

I cannot wait!

Time hurries on its breathless race,
Unslackened in its maddened pace,
And leaves upon the fairest face,
Upon the soul's most subtle grace,
Some tinge of pain, some circling line.

Wait! Wait!

'Tis getting late!

The day will not be always mine.

Wait! Wait!

I cannot wait!

The pulse of life will press me on,
The hours of youth will soon be gone,
And ere the fleeting day be done
Long victories I must have won.

I cannot wait,—now is my day!

Wait! Wait!

'Tis getting late!

The hours like phantoms fly away.

THY LITTLE LIFE.

AS the rosebud on the vine
Perishes in richest bloom,
So shall this sweet life of thine
Leave us ere it reach its noon.
On the dark clouds of the past,
Present suns their shadows cast,
And the sun whose light thou art
Brightest shines as you depart.

Venus on thy life is rising,
And the present is disguising
Sorrows of a future day,
When thy life shall wing away.
Love me, maid, that little while
That I see thy earthly smile;
And, sweet girl, when thou art gone,
I with all the world will mourn.

Shed thy cheerfulness around,
Let thy voice with joy resound,
Let thy sweetest songs pour forth
That the world may know their worth.
So when thou art here no more
I may hear thee as before,
Hear thee singing true and kind
In the hearts you've left behind.

Love thy little life away,
Smiling all thy little day;
You will never live to see
Life's dull second infancy,
That, alas, is left for me!
For thy spirit shall have flown
Ere thy youth or beauty's gone.

JUST TO KISS AND LET HER GO.

BLESS her little soul! she has
All of feeling in her heart,
All of beauty in her face,
In her action every art,
In her movements every grace.
Wit comes out with sudden start,
Always in its needed place;
She comes with phantom-like delight,
Charms and captivates the sight.

Could I but catch thee, little maid,
But catch thee just to hold thee tight,
I'd pay you for the way you've played
With me through all this luckless night.

What, horrid? Would you think me so?
Why, every monstrous wish I know
Is just to kiss and let you go!

TO MAKE THEE SMILE.

TELL me, my love, how to make smiles
Fly to the morning of thy cheek,
And I will listen to those wiles,
Scarce breathing while thy lips shall speak.

Tell me the art that adds the blush,
Melting both thy dimples round;
How to make light to dark eyes rush,
Tell me where this art be found.

O teach me, my love! And as years shall fly
Over our heads, I'll spend the while
Reading the depths of that mystery,
Spending my life to make thee smile!

THE FIRST HOUR.

THAT hour was, oh, so fair an hour!
The soul of nature seemed to move;
The hermitage that covered her
Seemed as though it were astir
With spirits that did haunt that bower,
To mingle with our vows of love.

It was a more than blessed night,
It was the hour of waking love,
It was the first of everything,
The first time passion spread its wing;
'T was the first time we'd dared the right
To tell what we were thinking of.

We may be happy, yes, may be
As full of love as we were then.
But, oh, the past cannot come back!
There is some bliss that it will lack.
Perhaps I'll never pass with thee
So sweet and blest an hour again.

But we will love our most erewhile,
Nor mourn our flying blisses.
We'll let the past go with the past,
And love so long as love shall last;
Be always meeting with a smile,
And always part with kisses.

And when our future's turned to past,
And we may chance review it;
Oh, as we look on what is gone,
And see how sweetly time has worn,
Be this dear wish our truly last,
"That we could but renew it!"

MAIDENHOOD.

TO MARRIENNE.

DREAMY, dreamy maidenhood
Never could be understood,
It is sweet and it is good.

Sixteen years have floated by,
Maiden's taught her heart to sigh,
Love to love gives first reply.

Tears of womanhood first steep
Eyes that all-night vigils keep
O'er a maiden's love and sleep.

Eyes first find their answering
In the eyes of everything,
And return their offering.

Timidness slow dies away,
Blushes more profuse do play,
Round her dimples listless stray.

Kisses now have sweeter grown
Than the unimpassioned loan
Every schoolboy called his own.

Maiden, dreamy little maid,
What a problem doth invade
All your little masquerade.

I'LL CHIDE THEE NOT.

I 'LL chide thee not ;
 'Tis not for me
To tell thee where thy love shall dwell.
I'll chide thee not,
 Yet, but for thee,
I had not learnt to love so well.

'Tis not for me,
 (Unlucky task),
For who could look on thee and chide?
'Tis not for lips
 Of mine to ask
What heart it is thy beauty hides.

Alas ! 't is but
 For me to live,
And see another win thy smiles.
Ah, but my heart
 Was weak to give
Its little life to woman's wiles!

I CANNOT WRITE FOR THEE.

I CANNOT write for thee, Emma,
I cannot write for thee ;
Of all that was, and all that is,
There's nothing left unsaid.
I saw you with delight, Emma,
You were delight to me ;
You once were mine, you now are his,
And happy times are dead.

I used to write for thee, Emma,
I used to write for thee ;
But themes that once so filled my brain
Are gone ; they come no more.
You used to like to hear, Emma,
My pen's vain poesy,—
And yet you never will again,
Our little dream is o'er.

THEN MIGHT WE PART.

O H, if thy lip had ne'er met mine,
Then might I every hope resign.
But I am lost,
And pay the cost
Of tasting one sweet kiss of thine.

If round my neck your arms ne'er hung,
If to my breast you never clung,
Our saddened lot
Might be forgot
Beneath some brightening future sun.

If you'd not answered when I wooed,
If we had neither understood
The love that dwelt
Where both had felt,
Then might this passion be subdued.

But oh! to know thee, taste thy kiss,
And then to part with all like this,
To know it o'er
Forever more,—
Ah me! Why did I meet such bliss?

MUST WE SEVER?

MUST we sever,
And forever,
With a burden on each heart?
Must you go, forsake and grieve me,
Must I also, darling, leave thee?
Why of every hope bereave me?
Must I go,
Returning never?
O my love, I cannot part!

Are we breaking,
And forsaking,
Love that burns in either breast?
Must we part because our roving
Has led both our hearts to loving?
Just because two hearts are moving,
In affections
Newly waking?
Oh, how can you say, "'Tis best!"

A month or two
Our love is through ;
 Now awakes the heart to grieve.
 Oh, it kills me, this dismissing !
 It was heaven 'neath thy kissing,
 I was happy in submitting
All my future
Unto you,
 Maiden who could not deceive.

I am going,
Still bestowing
 Blessings on my truest maid.
 Ever is my prayer ascending
 From a heart that love is rending,
 For a heart whose sacred blending
With my own
Set it all glowing.
 Oh, thy love shall be repaid !

Fare thee well,

I cannot tell

Where shall end my martyrdom ;

I may never, never wander

Through a fairer glen than yonder,

Never know a maiden fonder.

Does fate hold

O'er me a spell

That brings pain where'er I come?

I see but this,

Life's deep abyss,

The verge to which you've led me on !

And yet at parting I caress

Thy form, and closer to me press

A soul that I can only bless ;

And with a long,

Last, lingering kiss,

Our bond is snapped, and I am gone.

PINK.

AH! I will think a deal on her
Who charmed those happy hours away,
Whose only fault was to prefer
My folly to another's play.

And she shall wear for me a crown,
And last year's queen be queen of this,
Whose only censure was a frown,
Whose every blessing was a kiss.

FOREVER.

I HELD her hand clasped close in mine,
The kiss was spent, our arms distwine ;
She knew that she had wrung my heart,
I knew that she was loth to sever.
“My love,” I said, “we do not part !”
She only answered me, “Forever !”

THOUGHTS.

THERE is no thought so passing sad
As dreaming that you once were glad ;
No truth so truly dear to hold
As that which memory hath told.

I know no fonder bitterness
Than just to think what's been to bless
My life,— what joys have chased away
Sweet melancholy yesterday.

AH, IT WAS THERE !

AH, it was there,—
And 't were not long ago !
She was most fair,
Kind nature made her so.

There spoke she first,
And as she ceased to speak,
The love she nursed
Was painted on her cheek.

* * * * *

She spoke again,
When summer days were sped ;
She spurned me then,
Her summer love was dead !

PART II.

OF THOSE GIRLS WHO BOTHERED ME.*

TOOK me from my books by day,
From my sleep at night they took me,
While I thought it splendid play,
Until each in turn forsook me.
Yet I forgive them every one
For all the mischief they have done.
Here are verses I have written
For the loves where I have bitten,
And though oft I've got the mitten,
I remember tenderly
Every maid who's bothered me.

**Clara !*

Emma !

Marrienne !

Janette !

Pauline !

*“How beautiful is youth ! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !
Book of beginning, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend.”*

— LONGFELLOW.

DEDICATED TO HER.

WHO is the maid would rob my time
To paint her in a dancing rhyme,
Perhaps to dress
Her fickleness
In thoughts attempting the sublime?

What is there in her numbered ways
With which she sets the heart ablaze,
That really serves,
What's more, deserves,
The profit of an author's praise?

She smiles most fair ; but all maids smile
Perhaps in quite as sweet a style.
Ah, can this be
The reason she
Would have me flatter her awhile !

I have no doubt but in her face
There lies as many a subtle grace
As oft bedecks
One of her sex ;
But then should this to worth give place ?

What can I say of her repute ?
Is't wise to praise her being cute,
Or to pretend,
One common end,
That she is good enough to suit ?

When doubtful fascination lent
An eye to criticism bent,
Alas, 't were wise
For human eyes
To just admire and rest content !

What is there in a charm that's true ?
Alas for him who seeks to woo,
The flattering smile,
The coquette's wile ;
Shall I attribute such to you ?

My pen would willingly concede
To write whatever love decreed
For even you
If it would do ;
But 't would be wrong, ah, yes indeed.

Too oft my heart has been the seat
Of love both troublesome and sweet,
And every maid
Who 's with it played
Was one delicious little cheat !

You're pretty? Yes, I'll call you fair ;
You're captivating I could swear.
Ma foi! I would
Praise all I could,
With hopes of gaining favor there.

I'd swear your lip the rarest hue
That ever words of love breathed through ;
I'd say the kiss
Which they dismiss
Would win a saintship in to woo.

I'd say the discourse of your eyes
As softly on the spirit lies
 As doth a dream
 Of heaven seem
When painted on nocturnal skies.

I'd say thy cheek, where blushes run,
"Had never known a guilty one ;
 There never came
 A blush of shame,
Except for what thine eyes have done."

Or I would do e'en more than this,—
I'd paint thee as the fairest Miss
 That ever breathed,
 If I believed
That I might share a smile or kiss !

Yet, should I fall unpopular,
I'll paint you only what you are,
 A little this,
 A little that,
And nothing in particular.

VALENTINE FOR EMMA.

THOUGH some may say
That on this day
Lovers alone do hold a claim,
I think a friend
Has right to send
His wishes under friendship's name.

Thus I take right,
My verse indite,
And hold high festival today,
And over lines
Of feeble rhymes
Pass the jocund time away.

Because you're fair,
And do not care
What flattery I may construe,
Because you tease,
Because you please,
I'll write a valentine for you.

To venture in,
Your heart to win,
 Must fall the lot of one more bold.
I pity him
Who takes the whim,
 For he is apt to find he's sold.

Your looks may be
A luxury,
 Which hungry eyes would fain devour.
Your charms would seem
A passing dream,
 But then dreams only last an hour.

Full well you play
The sylph by day,
 And masquerade as Circe by night ;
'Tis well that I
Shall never sigh
 Because I chased a ray of light.

You came too late
To captivate
 A heart that had been tried before ;
I knew that eye
And so was shy,
 I well remembered such of yore.

But well-a-day,
This will not pay
 My spending too much time on you,
For, little maid,
I am afraid
 I'll find me in a how-de-do !

S H E !

WITH eyes and nose and mouth possessed,
And head of fluffy hair,
Appearing always at her best,
Appearing always fair ;
Smiles to kill,
And frowns to chill,
She sits and winks and giggles there.

Looking askance through eyes of blue
That twinkle in their glee,
She throws a glance, you think for you ?
Indeed, I think for me !
Yet, like the sun,
Her smiles are won
By all in her society.

With all her little whims and ways,
And by-ways too, can I decide
A title that at once will praise,
And censure where a fault may hide?
Some paragraph
To make her laugh,
Because it cannot be denied.

So flighty and so steady too,
So quiet, yet so active,
So quick to set us in a stew,
And then, oh, so exactive!
Where can I find
A name more kind
Than call her something quite attractive?

LETTER TO HER.

WHAT is it that Emma thinks
When she bids me write to her?
Well she knows (the little minx)
That my lines will all confer
Tales to tell how fair she is,
Or her inconsistencies.

Yet what lie would please her best?
What most gratify her pride?
There is nothing unconfessed,
There is nothing to confide;
I might worry out the night
Seeking for new tales to write.

Tell her that I am in love,
(For in such I often fall),
Yet put in that I will prove
How I love her best of all?
Such concoctions cannot hurt,
Emma knows that I'm a flirt.

I cannot confide a thing
That is worth the while to tell,
For since I've been on her string,
Emma knows me all too well.
Really, little Emma knows
All my secrets, I suppose.

I'll not say, as once I did,
"That I'd paint her, oh, so fair,
For a kiss." The gods forbid!
Once I thought that kiss was rare,
But I've found that I could reap a
Dozen kisses heap sight cheaper!

Nor say, "That just to see you smile
I'd paint you an immortal sprite,"
Indeed 'tis hardly worth the while,
Because in either day or night
To see you smile were far more cheap,—
You smile, why even in your sleep!

Summer life is all a jest,
In the falsest hues immersed;
Girls are horrid at their best,
Girls are charming at their worst.
I forgive them, every one,
For what I've said or they have done.

These belles! Oh, how they lead us on!
Their eyes, their lips are saying "please,"
And when you are completely gone,
You venture in and get a freeze.
Ah me, I think nobody knows
How many times I have been froze.

THE FIFTH.

THOSE pretty girls that now and then

 We pass upon the crowded street,
Can out of every five young men
 Bring four a votive at her feet.

The four she finds are quick to win,

 And not the least obstruction daunts,
But while the four come walking in,
 Alas, it is the fifth she wants!

KISSES.

MEN never meet
Offering kisses,
They have a way
Of shirking such blisses.

Girls, when they meet,
Never so often,
But kisses sweet
Must their lips soften.

All must agree,
Reckoning the host,
Plainly to see
Who wants them most!

COQUETTE.

IMPROMPTU ON A FAN.

WITH beauteous maid to deify
The gay nocturnal hours,
“The foot of time steals noiseless by
And only treads on flowers.”

When but a word we chance receive,
Adorned by one sweet smile,
Though it be given to deceive,
We fall beneath its wile.

And so shalt thou, O fair coquette,
Win by thy charms new victories yet.

A VALENTINE.

TO some a flower or bud contains,
In the pureness of its hue,
In the perfume it expel,
More than sigh or speech can feign,
More than long kissed lips can tell.
Say, my maid, how is 't with you?

Did you ever slow dissect
Flowers sent you unawares,
Sent you all in mystery,
And 'neath every fold expect,
As you open it, to see
Cupid leap from hiding there?

VISIBLE SPEECH.

AT EMERSON COLLEGE.

YOU may talk till you tire of your visible speech ;
I'll admit that your signs may a language
convey,
But I know a pair of brown eyes that will teach
All that a diffident tongue fails to say,
For I think the most "visible speech"
may be seen
In the two little twinkling brown eyes of
Pauline!

PHILOPENE.

WHAT shall be my philopene?
Can the wintry hours tell?
Ah, not so, the mystic spell
Visits not so chill a scene.

But when grass and trees are green,
When sweet flowers scent the air,
Summer twilight,—ah, 't is there,
Philomel and philopene.

JANETTE.

A PLAGUE upon you, pretty maid,
For all the witchery you've played,
For all the mischief you have done,
For all the conquests you have won.

Forget?

Ah, no, I never will,
Too much of memory you fill,
Janette.

From that first night, when in the dance
Your eye caught up my passing glance,
I took to you, sweet sorcerer,
And kind of liked you, as it were.

We met!

And since that time I've had
A dozen good dreams to one bad,
Janette.

I do not know, and yet I think
I know the purport of a wink,
 I read the language of the eye,
 And catch the meaning of a sigh.
 And yet,
 Am I so poorly schooled,
 That in your every look I'm fooled,
 Janette?

Oh, if your smile be artifice,
And danger lurketh in your kiss,
 If every look and every word
 Spring from a heart that's never stirred,—
 Ah, yet
 I'd think what joy there'd be
 In playing but the fool for thee,
 Janette.

From brilliant eves of winter's sports,
I go to spring's most fair resorts,
And in the glen I find the first
Small bud that dares its shell to burst —
A violet.
Ah, here's the gem
I'll set thee for a diadem,
Janette.

AS EMMA IS.

NOW, Emma, I'm not finding fault,
Nor do I seek to chide ;
It is my mission to exalt,
And maiden's faults to hide.
I watch you scheme,
Thus take my theme,
And by your actions I decide
That cheating is your chief delight,
And conquest your ecstatic height.

I like to see you play your part,
In fact, I like you better for it,
And though it wreck some wretched heart,
I cannot do as some, "abhor it."
Your cynic ways
Amuse my days,
Your haughty air, oh, I adore it !
I can't conceive what I would do
Without such company as you.

More joy I have, ay, more delight,
In watching you than you can guess;
You're always gay and always bright,—
Such independent carelessness.
I think a friend
Meets better end
Than all the lovers you profess,
And what I am I'd rather be
Than all that host of jealousy.

Around thee like a swarm of bees
Come buzzing half a score of beaux,
While you receive them quite at ease,
Just like some little fragrant rose.
The pretty things
You say, soon brings
Some luckless suitor to propose,
Although you never meant a word
Of what you said, or he has heard.

IMPROMPTU.

CLARA.

TELL me she didn't want to kiss?
Would girly pout her pretty lips,
Let you bite her finger tips,
Pull your moustache, fix her eyes
Three inches 'fore your own? No, miss,
Who ever dares a man like this
Can truly call it a surprise
When it is done,—for when 't is done,
'T is just what she's been planning on.

HER BOWER.

IN this bower what a charm,
What a flood of delight,
In storm or in calm,
In day or in night.
So cheerful, so gay, and so happy the air,
Adorned is the place by the smiles of the fair.
Oh, never, no never have I anywhere
Found a consort so dear,
Or so pleasing a sight!

There are others who come
When the day's at its close,
And here in this home
Find delicious repose.
Luxuriously lazy, with one maid to tease,
We say what we wish to, and do as we please.
Just lazing it, doing what,
Nobody knows,—
Oh, the joy and content of such moments as these!

MAUD.

THE music starts, the dancers glide
Upon the floor from every side.
The lights flare up, my heart beats high,
A partner to my arms doth fly.
Of that wild dance I was the lord,
Because I danced that dance with Maud.

We played at hearts; yet where's the hurt?
She likes as well as I to flirt.
I just as lief to spend the hour
Feigning myself within her power.
In fact I'd play at any fraud,
Since I had danced that waltz with Maud.

The stars laughed till they all grew dim,
And gayly laughed the cherubim.
The moon looked on and smiling heard
Things the sun would term absurd.
But follies are by night adored,
And this night I had danced with Maud.

The darkness pardons many a thing
That daylight spends in censuring.

Ah! who would in the broad daylight,
Unblushing, kiss the kiss of night?

I kissed her, but that was not odd,
Since I had danced the waltz with Maud.

With many a girl 't is in the eyes
That all the seat of conquest lies.

But many more may capture us
By spells that are more ruinous.

The queen of conquests would applaud
The mischief of that waltz with Maud.

But oh! when comes again the sun,
All these nocturnal fancies run,

And visions of that night will seem

But as a dream, and as a dream

Will pass, yet memory shall record

That I had danced that waltz with Maud.

SEPTOROTH.

TO MARRIENNE.

AS Septoroth, the gentle queen of night,
All radiantly prescribes her course on high,
We call her loving goddess of the sky;
Yet all her life is but a borrowed light,
And she herself the coldest deity.

As doth the towering iceberg catch the last
Bright streaming rays the sun sends over land,
And seems reflecting them through all its height,
Till its cold heart seems burning up with light;
All beautiful with life and fire it stands,
Until the sun is gone, and then 't is past.

So is it that thou seem'st, all distant, cold,
 Until some borrowed light sets thee aglow ;
And then 't is as the light that burns the ice,
 Reflecting on it, glancing through it, though
Not melting it ; as that orb we behold

Lit by the sun, yet its own soul so chilled,
 But shines, when shone on, with a tender light.
Cool Septoroth, chaste goddess of the night,
All glowing with a light that has no heat,
 A moonbeam stolen from a radiant sun.

AUTOGRAPH.

BELLE of the West! thou hast been sung
By bards upon thy western shore,
No doubt thy minstrels hold among
Their storied praises volumes more
Than I may yet have seen in thee,
Than you have cared to show to me,
Than I would think it quite polite
Or just propriety to write.

What did your latest poet sing?
What was his latest ecstasy?
Did he compare thee to the spring,
Or to some flower's purity?
What did he claim thy fairest grace —
Some line of feature of the face?
Or did he come to the conclusion
All was just one sweet confusion?

Flattery's faults? Ah, let them stay,
While virtue covers them with care;
For nature leaves us but this way
To win the favors of the fair.
We have to lead those whom we seek
To think we mean not what we speak;
They seldom deign to grant their love
To those they're sure and certain of.

But 't is not flattery to say
That you, like other maids, have power
To chase our prosy fogs away,
And add a charm to studious hours.
Some say 't is foolish in th' extreme
To mingle girls with learning's theme;
And yet the way I find it hère
That girls and books alike are dear.

I've sworn devotion to the fair
 (A fault most fools are taken to),
For 't is a luxury to share
 An hour of mine with such as you;
To take some lonesome hour of mine,
And mix it with an hour of thine;
 For thus combined the time would fly,
 And leave immortal memory.

To one of beauty, one of mind,
 One almost perfect,—here's the rub,—
The only fault that I can find
 You're not a maiden of the "Hub."
Yet still we'll keep you while we can,
And may be some poor Boston man
 Will fall in love with you who are
 Just on from California!

REMINISCENCE
OF
BETHLEHEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE,

July 22, 1891.

That one sweet day, so bright, so long,
None was fairer,
I have here embalmed in song
Just for Clara.

CLARA.

WHAT is it that Clara thinks,
What is it she plans or schemes,
When she turns her head and winks?
I don't know; but much it seems
That her very whole intent
Is some mischief to invent!

What is it, do you suppose,
In her that finds its expression,
When she snivels up her nose
At some cynical aggression?
Much it seems in look like that,
Clara means you "tit for tat!"

BY THE CASCADE.

“WHERE the cascade's merry stream
Woke a charm that much did seem
Like some fairy woodland dream.”

She held her hand, a dainty cup,
To catch the water from the brook,
And as the crystal draught I took
I saw her sweet face looking up,
All lighting o'er with romping glee,
Those soft brown eyes looked up to me
From out the stream below.

And as I watched those eyes below,
I thought, Oh, that it might be so!
I look again, ah, can it be?
My shadow now is kissing thee
Down in the stream below.

The scene was gone.
The brook flew on
With many a laughing fit and start ;
And yet I know
That down below
That kiss lies on the river's heart !

THE WOOD-NYMPH OF AGASSIZ.

SO bashful when I spied her,
So pretty and ashamed,
With roses drooping nigh her,
By columbine enchained.

So blushing as I passed her,
So seeking for retreat,
The poets would have classed her
As something obsolete.

She caught her white gown round her,
And started, pretty fay,
But cruel briars caught her,
And tangled up her way.

The boughs I quickly parted,
And by her side I knelt,
Kissing the fairest fairy
That e'er in woodland dwelt.

All day we roamed together
Through that enchanted dell,
But whom she was,
Oh, never, no, never, will I tell!

DISAGREEABLES.

IF there was n't a hob in the road,
We'd forget we were taking a drive;
If there was n't a bug in the wood,
We'd hardly know we were alive;
So if life were of nothing but her,
I'd ne'er know how perfect she were.

If day was n't darkened by night,
We'd never know daytime was light;
If a word never hurt me sometime,
I'd never know how sweet were thine;
If hate never fell to my name,
I'd never know love when it came.

CLARA'S CHARMS.

TO what do Clara's charms conduce,
To tempt, to fool us, or amuse?
If 't is to tempt, oh, have a care,
Who knows what mischief lurketh there?
Brown eyes may fool; beware! beware!

Her damask cheek is dimpled in,
Another dimple dents her chin;
If you look well, you may descry,
Just behind the either eye,
Where two small marks of mischief lie.

And then her lip, oh, what a lip!
Heaven's rarest piece of workmanship;
Smiles and sighs by them begot,
Promises all soon forgot,
Tempting is their only plot.

Is she sincere? Oh! if she were,
There's not a fault to find with her;
And every charm which she display
Is tact for charming time away,
And too delicious to betray.

If she will give deceit a truce,
I'll hold her charms were made for use,
That beauty never undertook
To paint deception in her look,
And he who says it did, mistook.

IN THE EVENING.

SO very light a thing was she,
About me whirring in the dance,
It was more as a dream would be,
A sort of dizzy waking trance,
More like a sylph she seemed to be,
Who'd taken form to dance with me.

Who could have danced the waltz with her,
And thought him not unduly blest?
When she such favor doth bestow,
All sadness needs must leave the breast,
And every thought that breathes of woe
Must perish 'neath her tripping toe.

Her step had even music in it;
Her breath seemed breathings of a song;
Her kiss I fain would stoop to win it,
Yet dared not, as we whirled along;
Her very movement seemed to be
A sort of maddened melody.

FROM ONE OF THEM.

AND how has Bert survived the year,
And has the summer left him whole?
For much I feared, and much I fear
He's sold his heart, or lost his soul.

Has auctioned off his fickle heart
For just an ounce of beauty rare,
Or let his soul in bliss depart
On smiles and favors of the fair.

Our rambles down by the cascade,
Or over Agassiz by night;
Yes, our whole summer masquerade,
We held it was Platonic, quite.

You fanned me in the dance, and then
Took me to promenade outside;
Were you so jealous of the men
That came to ask me for a glide?

I did not think until too late
The fate of my rejected swain,
That he would get so desperate
As go and fall in love again.

Perhaps, like me, she played a part
Of neither artifice nor guile;
But found it quite a simple art
To craze him with a gracious smile.

And very likely when he's gone
So far that he begins to rhyme,
She'll feign surprise at what is done,
And say she thought 't was summer time

Indeed, I did not mean to hurt,
In all the summer's dizzy whirl;
But then, you'll understand me, Bert,
I only was your summer girl!

But now what makes me awful mad,
And almost turns my little head,
Is thinking of the chance I had,
And seeing her get in ahead!

A COINCIDENCE.

AND so we met as lovers may,
On a sultry summer's day,
Just to charm the time away ;
Just a little time to flirt,
Surely it could be no hurt,
Girls are false, and love is play.

But true or false, eyes blue or gray,
Blue have their charm, and dark ones may,
It matters not ; the happy play
Of Circes, sylphs, and summer folk
Help to fill life's little joke,
And summer laughs her self away !

PART III.

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

“Soft words with nothing in them make a song.”

—WALLER.

*The soul would speak but could not,
So music spoke instead,
And all the place was filling
With that we thought was dead.
And the soul was in a spell,
Seeing things it could not tell.*

NEVER AGAIN.

WHEN through the gilded halls,
 With thee I glide,
I am content to be
 Here by thy side.
Wildly my fancies stray
 Led by thine own,
While I am waltzed away,
 To lands unknown.
Madly the strains arise,
 Madly we whirl,
Joy is in thine eyes,
 My lovely girl;
But in that ecstasy lurketh a pain,
For I may dance with thee
 Never again!

But while this hour shall last
 Here will I stay,
And let thy presence cast
 Each doubt away.
But when the music's done,
 And lights burn low,
Ah! then has set my sun
 And I must go.
Yet shall my dreams rehearse
 Every joy,
And shall my memory find
 Sweetest employ,
Dreaming the ecstasy that it retain,
Though I may dance with thee
 Never again!

THE MEETING.

IN woody glens where brooks run through,
In mossy dells where violets grew,
Where first the birds found voice to sing
Their beauteous lays to budding spring,
There wandered I, while o'er the land
The first warm breeze of June was fanned,
And happily the hours wore
As I roamed hill and valley o'er.
When in the wildest ecstasy
I hear a voice borne up to me,
That sang a plaintive melody
I'd heard in dreams before.

Down through the ferns my steps pressed on,
To find the singer of that song.

Oh maiden wonderously fair!

My heart beat wild to see her there.

Her lute went murmuring through the vale;

Her voice arose like nightingale;

She sat upon a mossy mound,

The flowers went nodding all around;

Her eyes met mine, — 't was love's first glance,

Her very soul gave utterance.

I clasped her to me in a trance!

I knew my love had come.

THE MESSAGE.

IF warbling birds that sail the ether blue,
Would only listen to my tuneful thought,
I'd send each warbling one, dear love, to you,
To sing those plaintive melodies I taught.
Had every breeze that floats so idly by
But ears that stoop and listen to my prayer,
I'd send on every gust a tearful sigh,
And charge each with a message to my fair.

If in the ocean's roaring I could send
The tumult that forever haunts this breast,
From every billow as the crest ascend
Would burst those tones that never speak of rest.
Oh! let my soul fly out to thee, and tell
Its longing and its loving at thy feet,
And let thy heart-throbs beat its parting knell,
And as I die I'll call that dying sweet.

JUNE 14, 1886.

SPRING.

UP in the grassy fields
Where winds blow over,
Up where the fresh spring yields
Rich beds of clover,
Through the long days of June,
Singing my merry tune,
Chasing away their noon,
I am a rover.

Up in the mellow fields
Where stars light over,
There by the dusk concealed,
Soft boughs above her,
My arms about her thrown,
She who is all my own,
Out 'neath the heavens alone,
I am her lover.

July 2, 1886.

FROM OUT THINE EYES.

FROM out thine eyes my songs are flowing
In a liquid stream of spirit,
I alone that music knowing,
Mine the only ears that hear it ;
I alone it is who knows
The soul from which that music flows.

Off thy lips my poems falling,
Lip to lip the sweet verse flies,
And my heart is calling, calling ;
Loving, trusting, thine replies.
I kiss your lips, and every time
I feel the perfect, flowing rhyme.

From thy dear, dear heart, thine only,
Flows my spirit of content ;
I am never, never lonely
When to thee my thoughts are sent.
None know what I feel and see,
For thy love is all for me.

PART IV.

THEN came a soul,
 Whose sacred flame
Consumed my whole ;
 It was the same
That whispered in a dream to me,
 “ Oh, wait till I shall come to thee ! ”

*There are those times when we are brought about
To face ourselves ; to look upon our past ;
Measure our future, by a light that shines
From those dim stars revolving in ourselves,
As touching the meridian of soul
They wake its memories, and teach the man
To know the depth of selfhood and to love.*

* * * * *

*Deep in himself he apprehends that part
That in the woman finds its conscious being ;
The veil of Isis is not raised,—the heart
Will not yet reach to knowing without seeing.
Yet deep in man the woman sweetly dwells,
Though he must find her in the world around ;
The voice of prescience speaks of long, vague quests
Into soul substance, where some past had left
Impress of its diviner self, its long lost part ;
That doubting, long, unmodulated tone
That now seeks form and color, life, and breath.*

(From "Mara and Vishnu.") By the AUTHOR.

THE MEETING.

SHOULD I like you, and you like me,
What would the consequences be?

If I should love, and you should love,
And both in common rapture move;

If I should woo,

And so should you,

Ah! what would happen to us two?

In meeting, liking, loving thus,

Oh, say, would it be well for us?

SOME SWEET TO-DAY.

I WILL not light the lamps until I've thought
What was the sweetest thing
In all the day ;
I will not seek to speed the
Lingering ray
Until my anxious eye somewhere has caught
A word, a smile, or something that has passed
In my small sphere. O Memory, thou hast
Some sweet to-day !

Now fancy travels out and conjures up
A long and brilliant train ;
It all floats by,
Joy and sadness go with
Laugh and sigh,
And dregs of pain lie deep in pleasure's cup.
But now I see two tender hazel eyes
Turn on me,—lips that smile,—Ah,
Herein lies
My sweet to-day !

A perfume breathes from pictures of the mind,
And in our fancy memory carves her lore,
Our dearest treasures in the air we find;
I knew my happiness tonight was for
Some sweet to-day!

METHINKS MY HEART'S GONE WRONG.

NOT that the flowers of springtime
Lie in the woodlands dead ;
Not for the dream of some fair clime,
Where all is fairyland below
And all is heaven above ;
Not that my wayward fancies flow
Into some realm of love,
Mourning the beauties sped.
'Tis not for these that my day seems long—
Methinks, methinks my heart's gone wrong !

Not for the beauty that has been,
Decking a summer throne ;
Not that the saddest days begin—
September's melancholy days
And drear October hours ;
Yet in my heart a hope delays,
And burns the cloud that lowers
Until its mists have flown.
Yet why this hope ? Yet why this song ?
Methinks, methinks my heart's gone wrong !

Not that an eye of tender blue
Looked, then looked no more ;
Not that an eye its language knew,
And answered back its tale of love.
What use to tell the tale?
The soul that spoke will distant rove,
And while all time prevail
Its meeting shall be o'er.
Those eyes awoke that tender song,
And well methinks my heart's gone wrong!

BLUE EYES AND BROWN.

THOUGH blue eyes may the truest be,
And win themselves the fairest toast,
In spite of all their cruelty
I love the deep brown eye the most.

It holds a sort of hidden light,
Of which we never see the whole —
A half of day, a half of night,
A half of fun, a half of soul.

* * * * *

She said all sorts of pretty things,
I thought she was exquisite ;
They were but hints on pretty wings,
And now my sorrow is it
That ever I allowed my wit
To hear her speak, believing it.

FROM THE VALLEY OF SUNSHINE.

TO MAY.

THE golden rays
 Of the setting sun
Had stolen into her auburn hair ;
Through its flaxen maze,
 When day is done,
The beams of light still linger there.
That fairy mist floats round about
Some sunny rays not yet combed out,
 Like pleasant thoughts that lie confined
In a mirthful corner of the mind.

THREE QUESTIONS.

THREE things a maiden named me,—
A promise, tear, and kiss,
And she asked me which was dearer,
Which my heart said was sincerer?
And I answered then the miss,
Young Perfection.

What's a promise with a maiden
Who can smile away a breach?
What's a kiss when lips are cold
And a youthful love's grown old?
But a tear upon the cheek
Shows affection.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

SHE turns my every purpose round,
The wrong to right, the right to wrong,
And in her actions I have found
A grace that turns my prose to song.
When I am warm she makes me cool;
When I am up she takes me down,
I play tragedian or fool;
She turns the whole world upside down.

So fair a freak of nature she,
The wand of joy is in her hand,
And all the world is light and free,
Or dark as Hattie may command.
No matter where, no matter whose
May be the bitter lot of care,
She'll play at havoc with the blues,
And wreck the logic of despair.

NOD AND TELL ME SO.

I THINK I know what you would say,
Indeed you almost say it ;
In doubt I watch you day by day,
But, oh, so well you play it !
I wonder if you really mean
What I could almost swear I know,
Why, then I fear, my little queen,
You'll have to nod and tell me so.

If I'm to play my little part,
And follow you where you may lead,
I think you ought, by simple art,
Just drop the evidence I need.
So fair, my maid, if I have found
How now the wind may chance to blow,
Why please don't noise it all around,
But simply nod and tell me so.

THE IDEAL.

SHE is a song of nature fair,
Such as a summer twilight sings;
She sheds upon the fragrant air
The calm and peace that evening brings;
She's like a whisper, but so faint,
'T is more like some low sigh's complaint.

She is a burst of harmony
From mossy woodland's soft retreat;
She is of nature's psalmody,
So pure, so holy, good, and sweet;
The flowers have their obeisance paid,
She is so very fair a maid.

* * * * *

Dear girl, we can't anticipate,
The world turns over in a day,
So we can only trust, and wait
For time to teach us what it may.
We two can only now fulfill
The working of "love's own sweet will."

THAT'S FOR YOU TO TELL.

DO I like you? Do I love you?
Or what is it I feel for you,
That I never can reprove you,
But must silently adore you,
Is it love or magic spell?
That's what I want you to tell.

Why is it I dream at night
Of a maid whose looks divine
Shower down a flood of light,
That I know alone is thine;
Why such dream with me doth dwell?
That's what I want you to tell.

Why am I now here with you,
Dreading lest I must depart;
Seeking in that eye of blue
For the secret of thy heart;
Why is this, my beauteous belle?
That's what I want you to tell.

GIFTS.

LONELY am I now no longer,
For I feel surrounding me
Such a sweet content, that, darling,
It is like thy company.

Sad no more, my heart beats gayly,
And all life is young once more ;
Now the earth brings to me daily
Sweets I never knew before.

Gods their kindest gifts bestowing
O'er my star's ascendancy,
And I'm doubly blessed in knowing
That one maiden cares for me.

WHILE HERE SOJOURNING.

LITTLE maid, while here sojourning,
Such a deal of bliss I know,
That I ever am returning
Just because I love you so!

That to stay from you an hour
Makes your lover's heart complain,
For you wield some occult power
That demands him back again.

So forgive me if forever
Round about thy bower I stray,
Bonds there are too sweet to sever,
And I cannot keep away.

CAPTIVITY.

I 'M bound to thee by a thousand kisses
 You have given me,
And held by bonds so sweet as this is
 Love captivity.

I have no way thy faith to prove,
 I claim thee by no art,
But with all my wondrous love
 I bind thee to my heart.

NATURE'S FREEDOM.

WHEN fair September guides us back
To winter's habits, custom's traits,
Still the bloom on woodland track
Bids the rustic longer wait.

And when leaves begin to turn
Ere summer loves have bade adieu,
Just down among the brush and fern
Once more to roam the meadows through,

I wandered with her to a grove
Within the woodland's deep morass,
'T was just the place for summer loves
Their listless hours of smiles to pass.

On some low branch of hemlock bent
To earth, and twined about its own,
I sit me, while on moss ascent
My queen assumes her rightful throne.

Round about six sentinel trees
Inclose us from the sun's warm rays,
Warding off each saucier breeze
Ere upon her cheek it plays.

And when comes a ruder gust
To seek us in our fair seclusion,
Angrily their branches thrust
All about in wild confusion.

Those straying rays of light that burst
Through the forest's tender gloom,
With her smiles were all immersed,
Lighting up her youthful bloom.

Eyes laugh, and features all set free
From custom's cold, tyrannic laws,
Burst into sweetest harmony
With nature, and each sternness thaws.

She laughs! She plays as though a child;
She leaps, and runs through woody glen.
She's happy, careless, free, and wild,
Away from all the world and men.

My arms may catch her in her course,
A soft embrace my clasp may feign,
And with a maiden's gentle force,
She turns to clasp me back again!

All the fair sonnets I might breathe
In praise of my most beauteous maid,
She'd crown with an immortal wreath
By murmuring o'er what I had said.

So we for one short hour were left
Away from clash of worldly din,
And custom never knew the theft
Of freedom that we joyed in.

We were not here two beings bound
By any form the times could wear;
We were two souls who there had found
The endless freedom of the air.

The birds fly o'er, the brooks still run,
As did they on that autumn day,
But our short, happy dream was done,
And in the tender evening gray

We wandered down the woody track;
Silent walked we, side by side,
For in that dusky walking back
The autumn died.

SEPT. 20, 1887.

BE MY SONG.

BE my song that little while ;
Let me rhyme for thee that space,
Ere the fading of a smile
Leaves a wrinkle on thy face.

And when deeper creases run
Where thy dimples now find place,
I will say thy soul hath won
All the beauties of thy face.

So be that song whose flowing strain
Sweetens with the sadder thought,
For songs are sweeter that contain
A tinge of soul from sorrow caught.

And when wrinkles fret thy face,
Think it not, my dear, as harm,
For I know some inborn grace
Will supply the vanquished charm.

Songs are short ; their cadences
Fall too soon, and die away ;
And the longest poem is
But the dreaming of a day.

But when song and poetry die,
Then the soul its echo gives,
And although the time be by,
Still the memory of it lives.

The music of the soul once stirred
Vibrates all the life along ;
When the voice of song is heard
It can only live in song.

And its deeper notes have set
The heart in tune, that it may hear
A higher harmony than yet
Has fallen on the idle ear.

Our sweetest songs are those which seem
To seek the shadows of our art,
And sweetest is that treasured dream
Deepest hidden in the heart.

How often does the poem sob
Beneath the music's lighter strain!
We listen to the music's throb,
Yet do not know the hidden pain.

The grander chords sweep on and on,
The poem lieth still beneath,
And when the music shall have flown,
We'll live upon the poem's breath.

Be my song, and teach the poem
Of my life to smoother flow,
So that I may live that rhythm
Even after you may go.

And though it lose its harmony,
Still the soul goes singing on;
The rhyme will have its melody
Even though the song be gone.

Such a song as thou couldst be,
If thy loving only could
Wake the under harmony,
The soul of deeper womanhood.

Songs are dreams, whose wandering strains
Wind life's idler hours along;
Such are never sung in vain.
Oh, be my love, and be my song!

MINE!

A WAKE, dull heart,

Dream on no more!

The future dawns and makes remembrance glad.
Dark sorrows all depart,

Sad days are o'er;

Awake, my heart, and be no longer sad!

Brood not again upon the hours gone,
The past is not what hope should build upon.
Let not my heart another day repine;
I know her mine! The heavens answer,

Mine!

Rejoice, rejoice, 'tis love

That is my lot !

Nature rejoiceth with me. In her flowers
I find the fates approve.

Why should they not !

There's not a hope for earth that is not ours.

I give her all I have or hope to own,
And she with trembling heart accepts the loan.
My soul is mad with joy while I consign
My life to her who lets me call her

Mine !

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, my love.

Would that this hour

Had length of years!

Had I the pow'r

To turn the daytime into night,

Ah! it would be my last delight

To rob my life of every day,

And pass the time in night away,

With nothing else to say or do

Than kiss and murmur love to you.

One sweet good-night,
One kiss so soft,
Those tones the moon
Has heard so oft.
If I of minutes could make years,
Could I but stop the rolling spheres,
Yon moon I'd have forever shine,
To light such beauty as is thine.
Our love be blest in one long night,
And mount its circles of delight.

Good-night, my love.

You must away,
Yet linger here

I can but stay.

Scenes are not all so fair, my love,
As this we are partaking of.

The moon's pale light that bathes us now
Will pale before the blush of morn,
And as the first streaks lace its brow
The magic of the night is gone.

Has this fair night
No more for us,
And shall I let
You leave me thus?
Yes, go! The hour that we should stay
Has drifted into yesterday;
It is the hour that nature sets
Her stars to kiss thee into dreams,
And yet, thy lover here forgets,
And kisses thee himself, it seems.

ONE CHEER.

IF you can wake my heart with joy,
And cheer my earthly hour with song,
I care not how the world employ
Its artifice to wreak me wrong.

For one sweet smiling friend can cheer
A heart that's by the world forsaken,
Just one sympathetic tear
Will all its former hopes awaken.

Then smile for me while I may live,
And sing, while cares like visions go;
And when I'm gone let pity give
One tear for him who loved you so!

LOST! A PEARL.

TO FLORENCE.

IN the early hours of youth,
When the heart knew naught but truth,
Much I loved a sunny lass.
Years went by, and soon she stood
In the realm of womanhood.
Then I'd sit, and watch her pass
By my window every morn.
But the love of that fair girl
With her maidenhood had gone,—
I had lost my little pearl.

Spring is rolling into June,
Lovers set their hearts in tune,
 Summer almost has begun.
Now comes Flossy on the scene
Radiant as any queen,
 Glorious as any sun!
 Flossy, Flossy, lovely girl,
 Why should now my heart despond
For the losing of a pearl
 When I've found a diamond!

I CANNOT TELL.

BY banks of streams
Where nymphs are wooed,
I've had day-dreams
With gods of the wood.
I have deciphered the song of its flow,
And in that dell
Strange things I've seen ; yet would you know —
I cannot tell.

Music that breaketh
The soul's deep slumber,
When it forsaketh
Life's dreary member.
Why do I linger to hear this sweet strain
Long as I may ?
Go ask the soul ; I cannot explain,
I cannot say.

Fair faces charmed me,
Smiles of those loved
Oft have disarmed me,
Deeply have moved.
Yet when you ask me why this is so,
Why they dispel
Powers to bind me, I do not know,
I cannot tell.

THE SIMILE.

I CANNOT tell thee what thou art,
But merely say what's most like thee.
I cannot name the subtle grace
That stamps thee more than other maids.
Simply can I let my heart
Feel what ardent eyes can see,
And say that twilight owns a shade
And morning in her skies doth place
Something that's like to you, some little hint
Of nature that holds something of you in't,
That speaks of you, yet is not you alone—
A harmony whose minor thought contains
A breath of thee deep in its undertone.
I cannot say thou'rt like a melody,
But that sweet music is most like to thee.

THE HOROSCOPE.

VENUS circled at thy birth
In the Lion, while at mine
Leo had embraced the earth ;
And the moon did newly shine
From thy Scorpion, where my sun
Had its ten-day orbit run.

Doubt not, then, if I do love
When such signs in heaven do move.
See, our destiny doth lie
Carved immortal in the sky !

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

GO, pretty flower, and seek her breast ;
There let thy beauteous life depart.
Thou wilt find a blissful rest
Reclining on so fond a heart.

You will hear her every sigh,
And feel her every ecstasy,
And when her heart is throbbing high,
Can count how oft it beats for me.

She will lay thee on her cheek,
On her lip thou wilt recline ;
And each fragrant word she speak
Shall mingle its perfume with thine.

Though thy petals wither, wither,
You will never know you die;
And her hand shall bear you thither,
Gently, sweetly, lay you by.

And, perchance, thy tomb shall be
In some spicy jar inclosed,
Or there may be room for thee
In the book she loves the most.

But should you be cast aside,
Should her loving chance forget,—
Oh, I'll wish 't were I who died,
And that thou wert living yet!

WANDERINGS.

WHAT can gentle fancy do,
What can timid poesy show,
Of the wealth your heart discloses?
Nature whispers unto you
All the arts I do not know.
A soft, light cloud around thee closes,
And you float away from me,
Seeing things I cannot see,
Going where I cannot go.
Tell me, or I shall not know,
Of thy silent wanderings out,
Of thy spirit's circling 'bout ;
Are thy wanderings thus and so?

THY COMPANY.

SLEEP and eating are forgot
In thy dear company.
The hours fly,
I heed them not
When they are filled with thee.

Ah, well, I think me fortunate,
Such fortune comes to few ;
There never was
A kinder fate
Than led me unto you.

SPRING AND WINTER.

'T IS springtime that is happy,
'T is winter that is cold,
And all the world is sunshine
Till
 it
 grows
 old.

'T is maidens that are sweet,
'T is woman that 's a scold;
They 're angels, every one,
Till
 they
 grow
 old.

But maidenhood or woman,
The year both new and old,
'T is summer, always summer,
Till
 love
 grows
 cold.

THE NATIVITY.

GAZE on my nativity, and find written there
All that I may feel for you,
My fair.

Watch our benefics commune,
Watch the heavens their forms assume ;
They in types of gold declare
What I feel for you, my fair.
Look and read the mighty scroll,
My fair.

THOUGH PARTING.

NO matter what may us betide,
No matter who may tempt the heart,
And when by chance I leave thy side,
Ah, who, indeed, can say we part !

When loving eyes no more converse,
And lips remain untouched by love,
Though every fate should prove adverse,
Our souls would still en rapport move.

And were I oceans from thy side,
Still would I hear thy voice through space.
My soul would come, thy love its guide,
And love, our phantoms would embrace.

THE DEEPER STRAIN.

TO FLORENCE.

IF I could catch that sweeter strain
That underlies all poesy,
My heart would sing it o'er again,
And shape it to a song of thee.

If I could catch the darling dreams
That come and go, that come and go,
Of love alone I'd take my themes,
And you the only one to know.

Alas, 't is vain! I cannot reach
The strains to form that grander lay;
It cannot teach all it would teach,
It cannot say all it would say.

I'd rhyme the summer to its flowers,
The birds unto the songs they sing,
The dearest joys to fleetest hours,
Still rhyming thee to everything.

I'd blend the clouds and wind together,
Silver clouds and ether blue, —
But I pause, deciding whether
I should blend myself with you!

Yet within its winding maze,
Hidden somewhere it would be,
Some little word, some little phrase,
Some rhyme, connecting you and me.

THE EARS OF THE NIGHT.

THE night may have a thousand eyes,
It has a thousand ears as well;
And what is whispered 'neath its skies
The spirits of the night will tell.

So when beneath the stars you stray,
But breathe my name upon the air,
And I shall hear soft voices say
That you await my answer there.

And wind sprites shall my love bespeak
That shall the pearl-tipped clouds outfly,
I know they'll linger on thy cheek,
And sweetly give you my reply.

TRUSTS.

THERE'S not an hour in the day
But what, my love, I am untrue,
I while my summer hours away
In breaking all my vows to you.

I vowed my kisses none should taste
Until thy lips unsealed the bond;
Yet I have failed to keep them chaste,
And other lips are growing fond.

I even think that I have loved,
Forgetting all I owe to you;
But has my little maiden proved
That she is any less untrue?

I WENT AWAY.

I went away, and left you there
That long, sweet summer day;
Thy love too pure, the place too fair
For me to longer stay.
I left you as the moon arose,
And went my way alone;
No closing fragrance of the rose
Scented the air at day's repose,
The briar rose was gone.

And yet where'er on earth we rove,
Though we may never meet again,
The holy power of our love
Has forged a band that will remain.
From each to each the thought shall flow,
And both shall feel, and both shall know.

GOING.

DO you ask why I with sorrow
Watch the fleeting light depart,
Know you not that on the morrow,
Thou, the keeper of my heart,
Will be going, going, going?
Surely you must now be knowing.

Every romance has its end,
Some must perish all too soon;
And the wretched heart will rend
In the rapture of its noon.
We must part at early morn,
Dreaming, romance, summer gone.

MEMORY'S MUSIC.

EVER round about me,
Round about and after,
In the day and in the night,
Comes thy sweet laughter.

And thy name I'm breathing,
Fancying you hear me,
For I'm always feeling
Thou art somewhere near me.

Ever floating o'er me,
Sounding sweet and long,
Quieting and blessing,
Comes thy voice of song.

Ever thrilling through me
Wheresoe'er I rove,
Springing out of memory
Come thy words of love.

SO SAD.

WHY are the stars so far away,
 Deep in the heaven's vacant blue?
Why are the clouds so cold and gray,
 And why the moon so chill a hue?
 All the glory once they had
 Seems lost, I am so sad, so sad.

Why seem the frogs in glistening pool
 Croaking a dirge? Why seems the scent
Of flowers borne on breezes cool
 The fragrance of some love's lament?
 Oh! why is all so dreary clad?
 It is because I'm sad, so sad.

SHADOWS.

OUT of the mystic realms of shadow land
There leaned upon the bosom of the night
A form, a being draped in robes of light,
A spirit without substance, though it lay
Bathed by the moonlight in distinct display
Of all its beauty, an immortal sight,
A vision which I could not understand.

My soul crept forth a shadow on the air,
Lured by that being that possessed some skill
To draw me to it with its occult will.
My spirit sought to break its bond and move.
The vision smiled,—I saw it was my love!
Her radiance hovered over me, and still
She spoke not, came not to me standing there.

But as my yearning sight gazed on that face,
It drew existence from me, and I sprung
Upward to grasp her,—on her neck I hung!
Yet did not, for the shadow form dispersed.
Was it my heated fancies had conversed?
Ah! do not shadows kiss when hearts are wrung,
And may not phantoms of the past embrace?

BAGATELLE.

JUST a sort of way to tell her
What she is supposed to know,
Which, although it sha'n't compel her,
Shows and yet it doesn't show,
What she is supposed to do,
Now that she's about to do it;
All the things that Flossy knew,
Which I tell because she knew it!

COLLECTION OF MATERIAL.

LET me hold thy confidence,
Tell me all your little things —
Whims and fancies, thus and so,
Pretty things that take their wings
And fly away before we know.

Yet just mix a little sense
With the tales that I shall hear.
Weave some little secret joy
As a thread that binds the lines ;
It shall be my sweet employ
To make out your fair designs.

Let me hold thy confidence ;
Tell me every darling dream
Resting on that heart of thine,
And to me, my dear, 't will seem
Just as though that dream were mine.

Write me when, and where, and whence,—
Write me every thing you do,
Everything your mind can steal,
Everything that pleases you,—
All your little heart may feel.

Do not think for aught to write,
Let not pen nor paper wait;
Take yourself, dear, for a text,
And the page will have its freight,
With enough left for the next.

Write me, darling, thus and so,
Thus and so I shall expect it;
Twenty questions in a row,
Rosy red or dialectic.

This word here and that word there,
This thought, that thought, all in jumble,
Helter skelter, everywhere,—
Take your chances, I shall tumble.

Dreamy prose or prose that thunders—
Any style—your thought will reach me.
It shall tell me, teach me wonders,
Wonders shall it tell me, teach me.

And oh, should a line of poetry
Somehow, somewhere fall into it,
I shall swallow it adroitly,
Smile, and say, "How could she do it?"

But some time just something tell me
That, when I shall read it through,
It shall then and there compel me
Breathe a little prayer for you.

Something that shall have behind it
Gentle whisp'rings of the heart,
I shall surely, surely find it,
And 't will speak thy better part.

This or that, whatever chances,
Fail the wise or miss the pun,
Write the mind's extravagances,
Necromances,
Wild romances ;
I'll forgive all ignorances,
Dissonances,
Strange advances,
And in those dear utterances
I will say thy task is done !

THY RHYME.

TELL me thy heart and I will rhyme
The secrets of thy maidenhood ;
Tell me thy every thought and mine
Shall jingle with it to the tune
Of fancy that shall so festoon
Its beauty, that, oh, very soon,
The world will say it can't allude
To mortal 'tis so fair and good.

MY LIFE.

MY life's a song,
 An endless strain
Of major joy
 And minor pain.

My soul's a poem
 In metric time,
So smooth it flows,
 Each day a line.

My world's thy love
 Until I die ;
Like to a god,
 So blest am I.

I CANNOT SPARE YOU.

TAKE a flower from nature's bloom,
And as you do,
There's another flower will press
In the little wilderness
And fill up the vacant room.
Steal a tint from sunset skies,
And another sunbeam flies
Quickly to supply its loss.
But, sweet love,
Sadness steals my heart across;
I cannot spare you.

Ask the heart one throb to spare,
And its life is through ;
Bid it leave one beat behind,
And its whole life is resigned,
Darkness and oblivion there.
Take a star from out the sky,
And some world in dark will lie,
Having lost its sungod's smile.
So, my love, 't would be if I,
Lost thee in this little while ;
I cannot spare you.

SING, LITTLE BIRD.

SING, little bird, and as you sing
I will live again in spring,
Flowers shall about me bloom,
And the night shall turn to noon;
I shall hear the woodlands ring
To thy little merry tune;
I will through the meadows roam,
Spring again shall be my home.

Sing, my love, and years shall chase
Back their hurried, breathless race;
Spring will come and all grow young,
When thy song, my love, is sung.
It shall care and pain erase,—
Joy falling from thy tongue
Wakes the echoes long grown dumb;
Sing; my love, and spring will come.

A BREATHING OF NATURE.

I WOULD not ask a flower
If it no story told ;
I would not wait the hour
For nature to unfold
The bud with all its beauty fraught,
All kissed about with dew,
But for the beauty it had caught
From nature and from you.

I would not watch the flower close
Beneath the evening's kiss,
And fold its petals to repose,
But for the thought in this,—
For as the moon its soft light throws
Upon it tenderly,
For as the stars may kiss the rose,
So I am kissing thee !

SHE IS SO INNOCENT.

SHE is so innocent,

So good, so fair!

The sunbeams seek her soul, and hide them there.

Her lips, just like the roses, blushing red,

In modesty for pretty things they've said.

Sweet laughter lurketh

In her golden hair ;

She is so innocent.

The river ripples kissed her feet,

The sunbeams kissed her hair ;

The sunbeam smiled, and then was gone,

The river stopped, then hurried on,—

I kissed her lips ; they were so sweet

I was disposed to linger there!

She is so innocent,

So good, so fair!

That, when she's gone from us,

The summer air

Will breathe of her, and birds will fly

And voice sweet songs for her on high.

She is so innocent!

THE ROSARY.

O H! let our happy moments be
The beads upon my rosary
That you have sweetly strung for me.

And in each bead that I shall name
Will be some thought of you, the same
That made me more because it came.

I need not ask the heavenly way,
For love will teach me how to pray,
And you will lead me day by day.

LINES TO DELIGHT.

I CHASED away the little night
Playing with the imp, delight;
Early came the envious dawn,
And the little child was gone.

But as I sat with her that night,
Talking of all those pretty things
That to our idle mind had strayed,
I found that little imp, delight,
Had slyly sprouted cupid wings,
And oh, the mischief it has made!

CLOUDS AND DREAMS.

THE clouds are sailing over the meadows
As dreams are floating o'er my life ;
Yet the clouds will never touch the meadows,—
My dreams and my life will never meet.

But the soft, sweet rain will bless the fields,
And beautiful flowers will spring and bloom
For thee, my love.
And so my dreams will shed their light,
And bring forth beautiful flowers of art
For thee, my love.

A LYRIC WOULD I BE.

I 'D rather be a lyric poem, hung
Upon my lady's lip at eventide —
A song that her dear voice had somewhere sung —
Than all the greater forms of art beside.

I 'd rather be a little, well-tuned rhyme,
That dingles in her head from morn till night,
Than all the epics, pleasing her a time,
Read and laid aside, forgotten quite.

I 'd rather be a rose that breathes to her
The memories of what is gone or dead;
For I would feel her gentle pulses stir
And thrill for me ere my short life had sped.

I 'd rather be a memory, hid away
Within the deepest corner of her heart,
Than all the whims and fancies of her day
That win her favor, please, and then depart.

EXPECTANCY.

I WOKE at early morning, to watch,
My love, for thee ;
The flowers woke before me to
Deck our bowery.
All day I walked among them, and yet
You did not come ;
The flowers were disappointed, and
Sadness fell on some.
The noonday sun was burning hot,
The hours slowly stealing on.
Each flower said, "She cometh not,"
And noon and morning both were gone.

The evening was approaching, and
Through the wilderness
Of roses passed a cooling wind, that
Left its soft caress
Upon the drooping flowers that had
Felt my lonesomeness.
They folded up their petals, and
Closed their loving eyes ;
But when I went among them
Beneath the evening skies,
I found each flower gemmed with tears,
And then, my love, I knew
The flowers wept for you, my dear,
The flowers wept for you !

LOVE'S SORROW.

JOY and Love had spent in play
All the fragrant summer day.
Love grew tired, so she lay
Down among the flowers to rest.

Joy, when he saw she slept,
Lonesome, to her side he crept,
And his little curly head
Drooped upon her sunny breast.

Love was startled from her sleep,
Waking, saw that Joy wept.
"Pretty Joy," she softly said,
"When your little eyes shall weep,
Thou shalt be Love's sorrow!"

AN AUTUMN BUD.

THOUGH summer's gone,
And autumn's quiet day
Comes stealing on,
And stealing friends away ;

Though flowers that bloomed
In summer's land of dreams,
Were sadly doomed
To wither by their streams ;

Yet is there one
Sweet flower, September's own,
So fair has none
In all the summer blown ?

Its deep blue eye
Bespeaks the saddened day,
And in its sigh
The season wings away.

NOON.

AND is our love so soon to end,
Ere summer has attained its noon?
It found its birth where roses blend
Their perfumes with the smiles of June.
When spring first woke, ah! that sweet time,
When every word you spoke was mine,
Then nature gave festivity
In honor of your love for me.

But now that Clara's love is o'er,
And I am soon to be forgot,
The flowers of springtime bloom no more,
And autumn flowers, ah! they are not
One half so sweet as those of spring.
The season dies, the cherub sings,
And one more year of life is gone,
Still time and life and love speeds on.

STAY NOT WITH ME!

THE day is lover of the night,
Yet each is absent from the other;
Shadows linger near the light,
As thou ling'rest near thy lover.

See, the stars lean out of heaven,
Kissing now the lake's cool cheek,
Silently conversing, even
As we would in kisses speak.

I follow thee in happy dreams,
And linger near unceasingly,
Yet doth my higher wisdom deem
It best thou shouldst not be with me.

Away from me, and find resort
'Mid nature's gay festivity,
Where butterflies and dragons sport,—
Away from sorrow and from me!

MY SONGS ARE DYING.

MY songs, my songs are dying
 Beneath love's alchemy ;
The latest song I sung has now
 Brought back its grief to me.
I sent it gayly on its way,
 Rich in its harmony ;
With all the sorrows of the day
 It now comes back to me.

And yet to me my little song
 Has wealth none else may see ;
And oh ! I have been waiting long
 For it to come to me.
And though its little joy be gone,
 And lost its fair design,
The spirit of it still lives on,—
 The echo still is mine !

KISSING THEE.

TO HATTIE.

THE river as it hurries on
Ne'er kisses twice the selfsame flower ;
The night is taken from the morn
Even in its meeting hour.

Yet sunbeams kiss thee all the day,
The stars kiss soft and tenderly ;
I only wait the time to say
I have a thousand saved for thee.

And so why should my darling chide,
And seek to thwart my fair design,
For all the sweets I am denied,
"Love's own sweet will" has named as mine.

Nature seems to stand aside,
And wait the chance of kissing thee ;
And the blush of morn may hide
Morning's hidden ecstasy
When it kisses thee, my love.

MEMORIES.

WHEN rambling o'er the keys some eve—
The cold, white, pearly keys—
I'll think of thee;
And old strains, like some evening breeze
Singing through the apple trees,
Will tinge the air, and leave
The perfume of some memory.

Some notes will longer cleave the air,
Some harmonies grow faint;
And in the pause
Perchance some whisper fall, to share
The waiting answer hidden there,—
A solace to its plaint,
An echo of a time that was.

But as the harmonies rush on
In dreamy rhapsodies,
Perchance there be
Some dissonance break forth anon,
And all love's summer dream is gone ;
And from the cold, white keys
Farewells, my love, to thee !

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye,
And with a sigh
Love's tributes I return to you ;
Good-bye, good-bye,
Love, hope, and I
Reluctant bid our last adieu !

PART V.

ON THE BEACH.

*So from one to one we go,
One day gone, one new begun,
Till the scenes of life be done.*

* * * * *

*Thus through time's eternal flow
On from life to life we go.*

*“Silent an hour together,
Under gray skies, by waters blue;
Our hearts were full of windy weather,—
Clouds and blown stars and broken lights.*

*“So once with fiery breath and flying,
Your winged heart touched mine and went,
And the swift spirits kissed, and sighing,
Sundered and smiled and were content.”*

— SWINBURNE.

THE LUTE.

DO not jar the golden chords
When the sweet lute sings,
It is seldom time affords
Us such heavenly things.

Do not seek to stop the strain
As it soars on high,
It may never sound again
Here for you and I.

Let the hand of ages lie
Trembling on the strings,
It will speak deep mystery
In the song it brings.

Eternity has spun the cords
Upon that golden lute ;
But jar it not, once broken, it
Forever more is mute.

THE WOOING OF THE MORNING.

THE morning kissed the night full on the brow,
And gently said,

“Shall I love thee?”

Crimson grew the cheek of night;

Its brilliant eyes dimmed up with tears,
And hid before the glance of morn

All trembling through her starry spheres.

“Shall I love thee?”

The night was melting into day,

Its crimson flush had died away,—

The spirit of the night had fled.

Morning whispered low, and said,

“Now I love thee.”

NATURE'S SECRET.

GO among the birds of song,
Listen to the rivulet
As it plays its course along ;
Kneel low down among the grass,
Listening to the moments pass,
Find the purple violet.
Nature has had long for thee
Secrets on her bosom laid ;
Nature has a prophesy,—
You must find it, little maid.

Go upon thy darling quest,
Seek out nature's mystery ;
Nature holds within her breast
Knowledge of my love for thee.

OUR LITTLE WHILE.

LITTLE love, we watch the days
Come and go, come and go,
In a weird and and jolly maze
In they come, and out they flow.
Yet we will not count them, sweet,
For although the days be fleet,
And our cares and joys meet,
We will laugh them all good-bye ;
All our hours of care beguile
With bright hopes for you and me,
As we share this "little while."

We've not time to count the hills
That we mount while traveling on,
Now my heart with music fills,—
Strains that will some day be gone.
We come not this way again,
So let memory retain
The brightest airs, whose soft refrain
Shall soothe our tired by-and-by.
Light every morning with a smile ;
Let evening say that you and I
Are happy in our "little while."

FAST IN THINE EYES.

FAST in thine eyes mine own are fixed,
In softest language now converse.
Hopes and passions intermixed
Are the language of the soul
Sounding through the universe,—
A language born of love's control,
A song that will forever roll
Over the vast and endless sea
Of life, of love's eternity.

Close to my own, thy throbbing breast
Beats out the rhythm of that song,
While kisses spring from every rest.
Closer, still closer come to me,
Thou fair of fair, thou blest of blest,
Making our song one harmony,
Whose cadence is my love for thee,
Whose measures are not life's brief years,
But æons of the rolling spheres.

Rich in the fragrance they expel,
Sweet with the words that through them pass,
Dear for the hope that they foretell,
Thy lips so temptingly repose
That I would wreck my soul, alas!
If I but saw my ruin rose
From kissing such dear lips as those!
And all the stars of night might see
The kiss of all eternity.

PARTING.

DEAREST maid, although we sever,
Know that, wheresoe'er I be,
Still forever and forever
I shall breathe a prayer for thee.

How rich and fragrant is the air
That moves about those roses there!
Thus it is those thoughts shall be
That feed upon thy memory.

ON THE BEACH.

THE flowers were withered where we together
Had danced to the music's throbbing strain;
The music had ceased, and the guests were
leaving.

Hours are short, and dreams are vain,
Over the stretch of summer weather;
The stars of night and day-dreams remain
Deep in the heart that is lonely, grieving,
For that which we know can return to us never!

Silently we two found together
The long, dim beach, where the cold, chill tide
Beat up under the moon's pale crescent;
Long, wild thoughts on the night wind ride,—
Long, long sighs through the windy weather.
The breaking heart in vain will hide
Its thoughts of the past, its pains of the present;
The future will come, but the past will come never!

We two alone on the beach to-night,—

Hush, for the summer is dead!

The old grief comes with a weight tremendous,
And holds in its talons my aching head.

I strain each nerve of my great endeavor

To crush out the flame that the season has fed;

I call to heaven that it may not end thus!

Will heaven answer me never, never?

Our arms are locking us close together,

Our breath is one, while this long, last night

Is covering us over, is closing around us,—

We two alone in our soul's last flight;

The last kiss now, and the last forever,

My soul leaps up to the Infinite;

The Infinite hears, and his spirit has found us,
And God blesses those who will meet again never.

The moon hung low, and we two together
Silently standing. The dark sea stole
Up to our feet, and back to its line;
The bear had fallen below the pole.
Her eyes were wet when we paused to sever;
I wonder if over her beautiful soul
There had come the thought that had stirred
in mine?
'T is God that speaks when our fate says never.

We wandered back from the dim beach, where
The wind and the waters were murmuring low.
We left behind us the summer land;
And the waves they feared lest morning should
know
That she and I had been parting there,
And pressing on in their gentle flow,
Kissed out her footprints from the sand.

PART VI.

AFTERWARDS.

*"Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet."*

—SHELLEY.

*What once is sweet grows sad,—
All life is so ;
All songs of pain once had
A silver flow ;
The once light heart is living now to prove
That sorrow is the kiss Time gives to Love.*

* * * * *

*Yet sorrow is not painful solitude,
But man's own entrance into man, where none
May follow, nor unwelcomed guest intrude ;
Time ceases ; all the deeds that time hath done—
Sorrows and joys, pains and sweets—are one.*

WHENCE ?

FROM whence proceeds my care,
Where hides my joy, where?
My heart was full of dearest life,
My days with pleasures bubbled o'er;
But now my soul is filled with strife,
And love will wear its smiles no more.

My tears may be the dearest friends
That I have ever known;
Those hours when sadness o'er me crept
May be the sweetest I shall own;
And when these eyes of mine have wept,
There's something in me must have grown!

A WRAITHING.

I HAVE a hope, a memory, a fear—
'Tis all as one.

And hovering over all an atmosphere
Of dreams
That seems
A thin web spun
Of beauties gone.

First heart-throbs; the first lips that came
And whispered love's dear name.

I know some thought of thine has wandered near,
And touched the latent flame.

The eyes of many years now softly gleam,
And smiles of well-known lips far, far from here,
And memory takes her subject from a dream.

MY HEART.

MY heart has gone to the rear of life,
With the sick and the wounded has fallen back ;
Foregone to lead in the reckless strife,
Left the fray and the trodden track
Of thousands
Who faint by the way unknown,—
Of thousands
Who die for the unattained.
My heart is alone,
Its peace is gained.
It is guilty of many a reckless deed,
And, oh, how vain did its warfare prove !
But now it forever has ceased to lead
My days and my nights to the battle of love.

LONELY.

THE day has been so long,
The night so dreary,
While I am waiting for a voice from space.
I cannot sing a song
I am so weary,
And even poetry loses all its grace.
Oh! come to me, my love, I want you only;
I'm tired, dear, and, oh, so very lonely!

Oh! come to me, my love,
I am so lonely.
I want to look on thee,
And hear thee speak,
Feeling thy warm, fresh spirit flow to me;
To feel thy lip,
To linger cheek to cheek,
And lift me up to where I ne'er can be
Unless you come to me, my love,
You only,
And fill the hours where I am, oh, so lonely!

LOVE'S BURYING-GROUND.

THERE are spirits that walk in love's
burying-ground
At night when the heart is still ;
They speak no word, and they make no sound,
But the heart with dread will fill,
And the past comes back to us when
We ask if we ever will
Love as we loved them then?

In the past they lie, but they walk apace,
And wander to and fro.
A smile lights many a well-known face
That comes from the long ago ;
And many a heart that's bled.
And they will not lie below,
For love cannot bury its dead.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

THERE was something in the air that told
The dead were going to rise that night;
Time seemed grim, and time seemed bold
With fiendish-like delight.

The lights reflect on the waxen floor,
An echo startles through the hall,—
Some early step that's come before
The waking, that is all.

* * * * *

The same lights shine, the same strains flow,
The same crushed flowers upon the floor;
It does not seem but a year ago,—
A little year, no more.

That night the hours had voice to sing;
Swift apprehensions stirred the air.—
O Love, thou wert the only thing
That time and change should spare!

A year ago! how that night took wings!
And life, with her maddest pulses set,
Knew all, felt all, owned everything
That death now bids forget.

That was the dance of life, when she
Rounded my life with the touch of souls;
I to her, she to me,—
But who could see the shoals?

Ah! who could see for both our sakes,
Who could look beyond, beneath?
He who the dance of life partakes
Must dance the dance of death.

To-night I see her come to me;
I go to her,—the great pulse stirred,
I cannot stay,—it seems to be
The wildest music I ever heard.

Along through the night our footsteps fly,
I am wrapped in a cloud of perfumed breath ;
She and I, she and I,
Whirl in the dance of death.

* * * * *

The night is done ; back to its tomb
Death leads the dead, the beautiful past ;
A hush comes down through the empty gloom,
Like the robe that enshrouds the last.

The last till that day at the end of all,
When the past shall rise, and be past no more ;
When the soul will wake, and the soul will call
To that which went before.

And the soul of the past will be waiting there
In our far future to welcome us.
She and I, can we not forbear,
When time awaiteth thus ?

THE AFTERGLOW.

The winds are hushed,
 And the dying day
Is shrouded in evening's .
 Sable gray.
Life lies wrapt in its memories,
Shut in itself all silently,
Thinking upon the day that is gone
 As the quick look on the dead,
 And say good-bye ;
For the soul and the present are always one,
 And the past has forever fled.
 But the inner eye
Looks to the promise of the soul,
And sees not blights, but a glorious whole,
 In the running back of memory.
As in the afterglow of dreams
 The lights of other dreams reflect
A rainbow arching o'er the stream
 Of life, of love, that is to be
 Our pathway through eternity.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

TO EDRIS.

LET roses speak,
Let music own
The secrets that lie hid beneath
Her tinted cheek
And in the tone
That floats upon a scented breath.

Oh! let the sad
October day
Paint on a page of memory
A cheek that had
A sweet display
Of melancholy mystery.

Oh! let the gusts
 That drive the leaves
 Portray the chilling cold that came —
A cold that crushed,
 A cold that cleaved
The heart, and froze its tender flame.

The leaves that fall,
 And rustle by,
 Now seem like tears that memory shed;
The air is all
 One gentle sigh
For hope that's gone, and love that's dead.

THE END.

TO-DAY is not to-morrow,
Yesterday's not to-day,
But to-morrow will come to us sometime,
While yesterday drifts away.

Yesterday and to-morrow
Are two that will never meet ;
In the latter there may be sorrow,—
The other we know was sweet.

And yet must we welcome to-morrow
When yesterday's life be done ;
They'll all be yesterdays sometime,
And their joys and sorrows be one.





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